

An Oddly Legendary Campaign

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Summary: In accordance with youtuber ChristopherOdd, this fanfiction will cover his season 3 of XCOM 2 in a way to really bring out the drama and make it feel as lifelike as possible. I might not always be up to date immediately, but I will try my best. Enjoy.

1. Crashing through the Gates

****Operation Gatecrasher, ADVENT Central Area, Pretoria****

****Menace 1-5; Marcella 'Hellsing' Kolpi, Cyla 'Blake' Hawk, Jay 'Sev' Angrahm & Sum 'Ting' Wong. ****

* * *

><p>"Menace 1-5, this is avenger, comms are set up, how copy?"<p>

"Good copy Avenger, we're moving on the target now."

"Roger that, good luck down there, we're all counting on you."

They looked overhead to see Firebrand moving the Skyranger away from them, hopefully the quick deployment would not have alerted ADVENT, or they would be in trouble. They all quickly moved in to cover.

"Looks like they didn't spot us yet, but keep calm, I don't want anything stupid ruining the mission."

"Lead the way, Jay" Wong said with a grin on his face, all Jay could do was shake his head and move up first to the nearby statue.

"Three grunts near the target on our side, Captain and two more near the right side, they are not paying attention to us yet, so move up."

"Right behind you" he heard Wong say as the man quickly dashed up beside him, the two ladies following not far behind.

"Looks like the guys on the right won't spot us if we stay on the left."

"In that case let's get in to position, shall we?" Jay looked up from the position he just moved to, to see Hawk dart up not far from him to get a shot on the troopers.

"Ok, lets do this properly, set an ambush and then go loud, got it?" He looked around to his squad, and even Wong nodded.

"Get ready, Wong... NOW!"

The troopers looked around confused about the sudden sound, just as one spotted Wong stepping out from behind the pillar with a grin on his face before shouting : "You guys looking for me?"

The troopers shielded themselves for the blast as the grenade blew up right in the middle of them, but as they all ran to cover, the rest of the squad sprung in to action.

"Three grunts down for the count, and looks like one dropped something."

While Wong, Hawk and Hellsing looked at the trooper's corpse, Jay moved up to peak around the other side of the pillar. The captain had heard the noise, and immediately saw him.

"Mor'than'a Bolat!"

The captain and his troops quickly ran to cover, but XCOM responded quick, as Hawk and Wong dashed to the right and shot wildly at the captain, both barely missing.

"Dammit guys, take aim before you shoot!" Hellsing shouted the words out loud as she pinned the captain's head to the platform of the monument.

Just as she took cover again though, one of the troopers dashed around the other side of the thing and aimed his rifle at Wong.

"Wong, get the f*ck down!" Wong only had to take one look to see why and he dived straight on his stomach behind his cover, as both troopers unleashed a salvo of rounds at where his head just had been.

"Hawk, loop around and shoot that guy!"

But as Hawk ran to position, out of the shadows came two bugs the size of half a man dashing towards them, right behind each other.

Almost as an automated reaction she plucked the pin from her grenade and threw it straight at them. Jay, standing closest heard her reaction and quickly turned to the other side of the statue, and once he saw those nightmarish things threw another grenade right at them, ending them as quickly as they had arrived. Hellsing had moved up too

to take a shot but when she saw the monsters going up in an explosion, she jerked to the right, hitting the wall besides the trooper instead of it's head.

The trooper responded immediately by dashing to the other side again, as Wong's bullets flew over it's head, and took aim against Hawk, who took nearly the full impact with her Kevlar vest. She gasped for air as her lungs let out all the air inside of them from the shock, and she nearly doubled over. Just as she looked up she saw the loot explode with a few miniature 'bangs'.

"Well, that stuff is gone now... Hellsing, no!"

Hellsing dashed to the other side as Hawk retreated back, and got hazed by a hail of bullets, barely managing to stand up straight and keep course.

"Oh, I'll make you bastards pay for that one." Wong ran right up behind Hellsing and slid the last meter on his feet through the grass as he turned around and riddled a trooper's body with bullets until it fell over.

The other trooper quickly repositioned and fired another salvo at Hellsing, who ironically just bent over to feel her ribs so that the salvo missed her. She looked up with an icy stare and she could have sworn she saw the trooper break under her gaze. She ran up ahead, grenade in hand and hit it right at the trooper's feet, destroying the cover it was standing behind.

Wong ran up and shot at the trooper's feet shouting : "Dance, you bitch!" with an almost amusing tone. Almost amusing, the rage was there to be felt.

"Play time is over Wong." Wong looked around to see Jay taking aim and putting the trooper out of her misery.

"Yeah, yeah... let's just get this over with then. Hawk, you got the charges ready?"

After a quick rustle Hawk came running as fast as she could with her bruised ribs, and planted the X4 charges on the monument.

"Avenger, this is Menace 1-5, all hostiles are down and the charges are planted, clear the signal to Firebrand."

"Copy that Menace 1-5, Firebrand is en route."

* * *

><p>They all looked at the news footage of the monument in ruins, on the Bridge and in the medbay too, where Hellsing and Hawk had been taken up with broken and bruised ribs respectively, but they all cheered. They all knew, that with a start like this, their campaign might face all odds, but it would be oddly legendary.<p>

2. Broken Fences, Bolstered Spirits

Operation Laughing Glove, Small town in ADVENT Patrol Zone 14, outskirts of Bloemfontein

Rk. Lena 'Tracer' Oxton, Rk. Jorge 'Snake Charm' Vorge, Rk. Aleksander 'Beocod' Cakis & Rk. Angelique 'Bonsoir' Durand

* * *

><p>The squad looked around at where they had been dropped in. A small town, but with an ADVENT building right in the middle of it, like a blight on the scene. Their objective was simple, find and hack an ADVENT box containing some type of data they needed. If they got the data, the resistance would send them an engineer to help out with the work on the Avenger. Hopes were up high that they would succeed. They started to move towards their objective slowly. As long as no alarms sounded, ADVENT would not blow up the intel.<p>

"Watch out for that scanner, if you get in its range, we're busted."

"Not my first run against ADVENT Cakis, I know what I'm doing."

"I'll take your word for it Tracer, you just keep sure you got your overwatch ready."

They moved further until Cakis rose his hand.

"Hold up, cloak, grunt and striker ahead, and something to our right to, can't tell what though."

"I'm moving up to check it out, it better not be a damn snake though."

A small grin appeared on Tracer's face, she'd heard the story of what supposedly happened to the man, and where he earned his nickname. She was woken from her daydream when the man spoke to her.

"Get that grin of your face, sectoid and trooper to our right. If we move around to the left, under this platform, we can catch the other 3 of guard while avoiding those guys."

"Alright, sounds good. Durand, care to take the lead?"

The squad dashed through under the landing platform to the other side, going up the stairs to get the high ground. They all took their positions.

"Overwatch ready, spring the trap."

"Time to go loud, with a bang!"

* * *

><p>The ADVENT captain who just sat down on the back of his car sprung up as a grenade landed before his feet. The impact was mostly taken by the armor though as he stood up, pointed at the soldiers shouting to his troops, before he got mowed down together with one of the troopers.<p>

The striker yelped and ran straight through the fire of the explosion, before falling dead on the ground against a pillar of the

platform.

"Whatever that guy said, probably wasn't the best order he could have given."

Vorge looked around to see if any of his squad mates liked the joke to see the sectoid and trooper dash up towards them. He barely had the time to shout the warning before the car exploded and took up the enemies their attention. Tracer immediately leapt off the building, landed with a spin in her step and nailed the trooper straight in the head with a hail of bullets.

"Let's go Hollywood style up here!"

Two grenades immediately flew at the sectoid, who was smacked against the side of the troop transport as Vorge dashed up and riddled it with bullets.

"That's what you get for that friend of yours, and messing with XCOM."

"Not out of the woods yet! Watch your flank!"

Again Tracer dashed up and without hesitation pulled the trigger, nailing one of the two troopers that had just come running to the wall behind him.

Cakis ran up to a tree right behind her, but before anyone could fire a shot more, the sectoid send psionic energy pulsing through the air towards one of the corpses below the platform. While they all looked at what the alien was doing, the last trooper unleashed a salvo in to the lamp post Vorge was standing behind.

"Come on guys, don't lose the initiative!" Tracer once again darted forwards and shot the sectoid right in its side, but the improved genetics of the creature made it survive the bullets, and then she saw what the alien had done.

A zombie, quite literally, a reanimated dead ADVENT. Cakis ran up right behind her to unleash a salvo on the sectoid, but when he saw the thing too, he stopped, right behind a broken part of the fence and missed his shot completely.

"Break it's concentration, it's got a fricking zombie down here!" Vorge looked at Tracer screaming the words and without hesitation threw his flashbang right on the other roof.

"Zombie is down!" But Cakis still just stood there looking at now re-killed corpse of the ADVENT soldier.

"Watch out!" The warning came to late, the sectoid already had recovered from the bright light and blasted Cakis straight through the chest with his arm mounted beam pistol.

"You'll pay for that you BASTARD!" All the joy that had sounded through in Tracer's voice up until that point disappeared.

"Fire on three!, One, two... THREE!" The rest of the squad all fired at the sectoid simultaneously, and again Tracer hit it right in the head, making it stumble over dead while it knocked over a small crate

behind him. The last remaining trooper jumped of the roof, and both Tracer and he ran at each other firing wildy, until Tracer jumped around a tree stump and shoved her gun right up in its face, and pulled the trigger.

They all stood there, panting from the sheer adrenaline alone, when they heard a beeping noise.

"Crap, the crate, cover me while I get it." Vorge and Durand both said in near unison, but they both ran to a different crate.

"I don't know what is in this thing, but it sure is big, and heavy..."

"Got the data, now let's get the hell out of here before ADVENT decides to send the entire district after us."

* * *

><p>The entire bar was filled to the brim, Bradford was serving, he wasn't much of a drinker anymore, that was an old sore. But no one talked loudly, only a small murmur could be heard, and even that went completely silent as the commander walked in, a picture of Cakis under his arm. He hung it on the wall and spoke.<p>

"This man died fighting for Earth, for XCOM. He knew the risks and he accepted them, just like all of you did. Just like we all did, me included. I might not have known him for long, but that fact alone makes him, makes all of you people to be remembered, people to be honored!" The commander's voice calmed down again, as he looked everyone in the eyes with a steady, unwavering gaze. "We will not let this stop us, his sacrifice will not be in vain... Vigilo Confido!"

"VIGILO CONFIDO!" The entire bar shouted. Most people went back to their drinks, their spirits and morale raised again, but not Tracer, Durand and Vorge. They stood with the commander, looking at the picture of their fallen comrade in silence.

"You guys take a few days to rest, you've earned it." And with those words the commander left the bar. He was going to have to figure out a way to get in to the blacksite the resistance council had informed him about, and some matters would have to take priority over the grief he felt. And again he felt something in the back of his head tingle at the thought.

3. Wise Ones and Fools

****Operation Fire Tomb, ADVENT Surveillance Zone, Cape Town****

****Sq. Lena 'Tracer' Oxton, Rk. Frida 'Motto' Hjerpe, Rk. Csanad 'AKCS' Szuszik & Sq. Angelique 'Bonsoir' Durand****

****Objective; Extract V.I.P. Ziby 'Wise' Jaytor - Scientist****

* * *

><p>"Ok, Menace 1-5, link up with the VIP and move to the evac point, we don't have a lot of time on this one."<p>

"Roger that, where do we find him?"

A small noise came from behind them, and immediately the squad pointed their guns at the location it came from. From atop a sculpture someone jumped down, wearing a torn lab coat, spiked arm pads, and a cape.

"I wondered when you'd be arriving, ADVENT is already aware of us, so we better get moving."

The squad was taken aback by the commanding attitude of the man, who most likely was their contact, as any other civilian here would most likely see them as the terrorists ADVENT portrayed them as.

"Get in position, they are close..."

The moment he said it an officer and a trooper came dashing in to sight, and as the VIP ran to find cover, so did the ADVENT, seemingly intimidated by the man's presence. The squad immediately ran to find cover too. But it seemed that the startling effect faltered quickly, as the officer immediately marked Tracer in their HUD's and the trooper hit his mark right after, the officer's salvo almost grazing her too.

The memory of the last operation was still fresh in her memory, and she panicked the only way she knew how to, shoot at whatever was in sight, in this case the officer that shot her. In a scream of both rage and fear she tore apart the tree the man was standing behind, opening him up for a shot from Durand, who instinctively shot the target as soon as his cover was decimated, hitting him right in the shoulder, staggering him.

But he was not dead yet, so Frida threw a grenade right at his feet, and the officer could only look in agonizing pain as he saw it roll against his feet before consuming him in the explosion. The trooper tried to make a run for it, but was shot in the back by Szuszik. The trooper climbed up the drainpipe with what must have been fear of death itself driving him, as two strikers and a sectoid joined the fight, immediately pushing forwards to defend their comrade. But it was too late for him, as Durand shot him off the roof with a sniper bullet through the dome.

The confusion that overtook the enemy as they looked back to see their ally tumble from the roof, was enough for Tracer to rejoin the fight, run up and launch a grenade right between a striker and the sectoid. The striker was killed by the impact from the grenade itself, but the sectoid just got knocked on the ground.

"Take him out, quick, now!"

Frida and Szuszik looked at Tracer frantically pointing at the sectoid on the ground, and tore him up with bullets. Out of nowhere the VIP dashed in front of the squad behind a pillar, and his stare seemingly froze the remaining striker on the spot.

"Kill him, before he regains himself."

The calm in Jaytor's voice was almost unsettling, but nevertheless Szuszik ran up to tear apart the cover of the striker with a well

placed grenade, but this striker too went up in flames and shrapnel as he fell to the ground. Jaytor's gaze finally moved away from him as he simple spoke; "No time for explaining now, there are still more left between us and our goal."

Before the squad could utter a single word in response, they were all met with the unfaltering gaze of the man, and decided it was best not to argue on the spot. Szuszik again was first to react, as he climbed up the drainpipe and ran up to the skylight. A sectoid and two troopers saw him and immediately ran to find cover, but Tracer dashed forward with fury in her heart, loading her grenade launcher to fire another shot, and the sectoid fell to the ground in a rain of shrapnel.

This time Szuszik needed no frantic pointing to know what he had to do, as he shot the sectoid right in the head, pinning it to the floor just as he tried to get back up.

Jaytor again ran ahead too, taking cover behind a ventilation system, whilst the one of the troopers ran up to the skylight too and fired a salvo at Durand, who barely managed to slide under them in to cover. The other trooper just pointed his gun at Jaytor, but again for some reason hesitated to shoot.

Before the man could make up his mind and either got down again or shot, Szuszik riddled him with bullets. The other ADVENT trooper now had spotted Jaytor and was nailed behind his cover by another unfaltering gaze.

"End it now, this needs to go on no longer..."

Again that calm voice that could give you the creeps on your back, but Durand followed up on it immediately by throwing a grenade at the floor the trooper was standing on.

"See you in kingdom come, a bientot."

The trooper tore his eyes away from Jaytor and just stared at the grenade, mumbling something and slamming his fist against his chest as he rushed to the ground head first in a ball of fire.

"I sense no more, let's just get out of here now before those fighters show up I assume won't be far away now."

The squad nodded in unison and walked to the evac point.

* * *

><p>"You sure you're not the drunk one, 'cause that sure sounds like delusions to me."<p>

Wong slapped Tracer on the shoulder, and she immediately cringed. Wong got a jab in his side shortly after that from her good arm.

"That bloody hurt, you drunk idiot. I'm just trying to enjoy my drink here, before the medics drag me back to the ward. At least the commander has ordered the construction of a better medical facility, that is sure to help..."

She spun around on her bar stool to stare at the memorial wall, where a solemn picture hung. She turned around again.

"Hey, you still feeling bad about that? The whole point of dragging you out of the ward was to fix your mood, not make it worse."

"I appreciate the sentiment Wong, but the only thing that will make me feel better is killing some bloody forsaken ADVENT and aliens."

"Well in that case let's get back to the story of that "Wise" man, I'm on active duty remember?"

Just as he finished speaking those words the alarm sounded.

"Menace 1-5, get to the hangar now, ADVENT is striking against a resistance haven and those people don't stand a chance, we need to get as many out of there so get moving."

Bradford's voice boomed through the Avenger with an unmistakable urgency.

"*sigh*, looks like duty calls milady, maybe after this one I got some stories to tell you that are just as ludicrous."

He tipped his cap and ran out of the bar, not a single step revealing he had been drinking again. Tracer just looked at him leave and bent her head down.

"At least we know that stuff was real, right Szuszik?"

Szuszik just nodded and raised an eyebrow to her empty pint glass standing on the counter.

A faint smile appeared on Tracer's face. "Hit me again, I plan to get wasted before the docs find me here..."

4. Fire from Dark

****Operation Wolf Hole, Resistance Haven "New Earth Ridge", South Africa****

****Sq. Jorge 'Snake Charm' Vorge, Sq. Sum 'Ting' Wong, Sq. Cyla 'Blake' Hawk, Sq. Jay 'Sev' Angrahm****

* * *

><p>The situation on the ground was utter chaos, gunfire could be heard in the distance, as well of the sounds of dying beings, be they alien, ADVENT or human. The squad deployed on a small part of the battlefield not entirely torn apart yet, with no enemies within direct engagement range. As soon as they landed a hatch suddenly opened in the middle of them, and two resistance operatives came climbing out, after making sure for themselves that the people they saw were not hostile.<p>

"Holy shi... you scared the actual hell out of me, I thought some snake was coming out of the grass, and I hate snakes..."

"Yes, we all know that by now Jorge, you don't need to keep telling us that."

After the glare by Jorge subsided, Cyla decided to quickly inquire on their supposed allies.

"Quick, can you two give me a SITREP? We need to know the situation, and best do it now while all seems calm."

One of the resistance operatives nodded slightly and started to speak. "We don't have much intel on the enemies present, but we got a few more operatives down there" he said while pointing at the hatch, "so far as I can tell, ADVENT is not going lightly against us. We should expect the worst, some of our guys are of evacuating the untrained civilians, so any further reinforcements on our side is limited."

"In that case, we better get going, establish a small perimeter and move out further slowly from there. Stick together. Jay, take the lead."

The radio on Cyla's belt started producing static and after she adjusted it, they could all hear Bradford's message clearly. Full-out enemy assault, hostile aircraft with reinforcements incoming. Shortly after, the first troop transport came flying in.

An officer and two troopers jumped from their transport, but two of them were dead before they had fully well touched the ground, hazed by a hail of shotgun pellets and rifle ammunition. The trooper that did survive landed in a tree, fell out, and before they could even get up got shot in the head by Jay's SMG.

But the fight was far from over, as another transport came flying in as soon as the squad had repositioned again. Again the same bunch, two troopers and an officer. The troopers once again were shot before they hit the ground, but the officer curled up and rolled over his shoulder when he hit the ground, dodging multiple shots from multiple angles. However, he did roll straight up to Cyla, and the moment he stood up got knocked back down by buckshot, and one of the resistance fighters cleaned him up with a salvo covering his entire body. Another resistance fighter had joined mid-firing and her salvo had taken out one of the two troopers.

But the woman was still a couple of meters behind the squad, and a hissing sound made her turn around, as she barely dodged a plasma beam. She returned fire whilst dashing and shouting.

"Get to cover, three new contacts on our flank!"

The squad immediately repositioned to face them, the enemy taken aback by the now outnumbering force of humans facing them. Taking advantage of the confusion, the last to join of the resistance fighters ran up further and threw her grenade right behind the sectoid that had shot at her. The alien's cover went up in a bang, as well as the armor the creature had been wearing, now shredded pieces of thicker skin were all that remained of it. But it was not dead yet. It scowled at them, only to be fired upon by most of the squad, dodging a surprising amount of it, but not enough to save its life. All the while Cyla calmly disposed of the demolitionist moving up on their flank with a shotgun pellet to the guts.

Upon seeing this, the remaining ADVENT soldier ran back while shouting something, and turned around on its heels with reinforcements right behind him to get cover again. The sounds in the air also indicated another incoming troop transport. Half of the squad quickly repositioned to fire at the troops coming from the dropship. The hatch from the underground passage or whatever it was burst open one last time, and running out came an operative with a grenade in hand, and the man immediately chucked it at the officer taking cover behind a tree stump, and whilst it went up in flames, his colleagues made quick work of the staggered being. Right before two other grenades coursed through the night sky blowing the other two ADVENT to bits as well, the officer bit the dust.

"Bomba fuera!" was the last thing those three ever heard.

But there the red hue of a troop transport came closer again fast, and another two troopers and an officer came jumping out. But without the entire squad putting their fire upon them, the only damage done was a bad fall by the officer when he got hit by a bullet in his shoulder.

Another ADVENT squad came running at them, but the sound of two explosions marked the end for two of the dropped in reinforcements. Still, the squad was running out of options fast, as another enemy squad, this one led by a sectoid was drawn to the fight by the fireballs in the sky. With six hostiles to the front and one in the back, they were technically surrounded.

"Pull back!" The order did not go on deaf ears as the squad scrambled to find cover, but Rowe, one of the resistance fighters, got pinned behind his tree by a pistol shot in his leg, soon after another three shots were fired at the squad, but they thankfully all missed. But the squad still was being fired upon from multiple directions. the sectoid dashed up, but decided to keep running instead of shooting when a short salvo from Yamazaki, another of the resistance operatives, shot apart the cover it was heading for.

Surprisingly, most of the ADVENT were content with just taking cover inside a building and keeping their guns shouldered, but none of them fired another shot. The breathing room this provided allowed Jay and Jorge to quickly turn around their focus to eliminate the threat in the rear. Now the battle had become a full-blown trench warfare style battle, with both sides mostly holed up on their own side, looking for an opportunity to shoot. Another batch of ADVENT reinforcements came flying in though.

This time again one of the troopers was dead as soon as they hit the ground, but the lack of firepower on the right flank of XCOM was now painfully apparent, and the sectoid took advantage of it right away.

"It's in my head!" Nikki screamed, as a flow of psionic energy reached in to her head, she dropped her gun and tried to fight back, hands against her temples but eyes already starting to glow purple.

The left flank was moving up however, as Jorge jumped on a pile of tires and shot a gunslinger caught on the wrong end of a car, the impact of the salvo knocking the dead guy over. Emboldened, the other

resistance fighters moved up to save their comrade, two grenades again glowed faintly with the reflections of fire as they flew through the heated sky, knocking over the sectoid, who was then torn open by a salvo of Wong's bullets. Now freed of the mind control, Nikki picked up her gun and fired down a hail of bullets upon the trooper closest to her, who was taken by surprise, not expecting her to recover so fast. It had little time to ponder on it though, as the salvo struck true and another corpse hit the ground.

Fearing to be overtaken by XCOM's momentum, the remaining officer threw a red flare calling for more back up, and fired wildly to try and keep them back. But it was no use, the moment his finger left the trigger, Nikki ran up and shot him point blank in the face with one fourth of her entire magazine. The left flank still seemed extremely docile, content with simply watching Rowe sitting behind his tree. But there was no time to be lost think about that, as two dropships flew in, and the uncertainty of what to fire at allowed one of the officers to dodge all five shots eventually fired at him, even though the trooper that followed him was not as lucky and was stopped literally dead in its tracks. But again the odds were tipping back in ADVENT's favour.

But XCOM reacted fiercely, with Jay's grenade marking the beginning of the end for that elusive officer, for when the smoke cleared his corpse was riddled with gunfire. When two of the troopers shielded their faces from the blast, they too got torn to shreds. The remaining officer and trooper were now in an utmost dire situation, as still the left flank refused to move up even the slightest to save their superior, still just watching Rowe, who at this point could have fallen asleep had it not been for the immense heat of the fires all around them, as well as the sound of the gunfire...

But ADVENT was not about to give up it seemed, as the officer let out what could only be described as some sort of war cry and shot one of the resistance fighters straight through the chest, killing her instantly, the impact dragging along the corpse with it. The sudden shock and pain snapped something in Cyla, and she jumped off the cliff in both anger and pain over the loss of someone she had fought with, who she fought for, even if not personally, and shot at the officer, but tears blinded her vision and the shot missed. Her aggressive response did cause the trooper to miss his own shot, as the salvo nearly flew past his head.

Alice moved up, but she managed to keep control of herself, and her aim struck true to the officer's head, avenging her fallen sister-in-battle.

Another dropship flew in, but this time it dropped something else. Aside from the regular trooper, two slicker clad ADVENT came in bearing what could only be described as large electrically charged rods. The trooper already in combat saw his reinforcements, but when he tried to press an advantage was shot straight to the grave by Wong.

One of the lancers came running at them, but both he and the trooper with him were disposed of with only mediocre difficulty from the vantage point XCOM had acquired, but the second one moved up and fired two quick salvo's, one missing, the other one hitting Alice, not so gently grazing her left arm. The memory of her dead friend still incredibly fresh, she ran for her life, out of sight of another

potential salvo. Finally that lancer too got nailed in his coffin by Jorge, who had managed to sneak to the right flank like a snake through grass.

Now all that was left to do was take out the ADVENT that could as well have been playing a game of cards, for they still were not moving up, just staring down Rowe.

Jay ran up and shot one of them in the back, but in his excitement failed to see that the cover he was behind was extremely fragile. The reaming three ADVENT sprung in to action immediately, and a striker ran up with a gnarish grin on its lips, as he shot straight through the thin layer of cover with his shotgun, and Jay dropped down in a puddle of his own blood. Wong and Cyla both snapped at the sight, and in anger and confusion ran up and shot at the striker, or in Wong's case, at anything with a shotgun, including Cyla, whom he fortunately missed. The striker moved up relentlessly and shot at another, but his salvo was absorbed by a tree. The sound of the shot woke up Cyla from panic, and her voice turned icy as she spoke.

"Let's see how you like buckshot then, shall we?" She proceeded to shoot the striker's head clean off, gushing orange blood over the floor.

The last two remaining ADVENT fired desperately at Rowe, but he kept his head down, and soon they too were dead.

The sound in the air was filled with nothing more then fires all around them, ADVENT was done, the civilians had escaped. The cell would rebuild elsewhere soon.

"Excuse me? If it wouldn't be to much to ask, could we come with you?" Cyla didn't even have to look to know who it was, she just spoke with a solemn voice.

"Feel free."

5. Strange Revelations

The mood in the living quarters was... odd for lack of a better word. After the massive effort required to defend the resistance haven from a full out ADVENT assault, things had been moderately quiet when it came to battle, with even an operation going so far as being executed flawless. But now they lost another man.

After the siege, there had been a few changes. The devastating loss of his closest friend Jay, and the failure to protect another resistance operative too, had left Wong to leave XCOM. He had not given up the fight, but he could not bear the weight so evidently. One of the recruits on the Avenger who idolized Wong had decided to join him in simply rejoining the resistance in a different way, by staying with them to protect them.

The resistance compensated for this by allowing their troops that fought alongside XCOM to join the outfit, as well as sending in a corporal and another recruit to make up for the "loss" of Wong and Booker. The new corporal, had immediately taken a tour through the entire Avenger, hoping to bond in a way that Wong's absence wouldn't be felt to much. The lighthearted spirit the man had brought to the

Avenger since the very beginning was something they all would miss. And she never got to hear what kind of crazy story he was going to tell her.

With a grunt Tracer got up from the couch. She was finally out of the medbay, and she wasn't going to let her depressing thought put her back in there. She decided to go to the bar. She would have gone to the G.T.S., but ever since that psycho decided to take up training with a machete rather than his curved knives, she avoided the place. Not that nobody trusted the man, but that mask he always wore was a bit unsettling, and the man had been less than forthcoming with his past.

She sighed, she could really have used Wong's puns or Vroge's constant complaints about snakes. Realising what she was doing, she rose her head up high again and took a deep breath. Maybe 'Lion' would be in the bar to cheer her up. Though not exactly Wong, the man made it seem as if they had known each other as long as they had. And he had a good attitude, that helped. She looked around to see if someone had seen her struggle within, but only the new recruit seemed to, and he nodded to her. His way of showing everything was going to be alright no doubt. She stopped herself from sighing again, she had to get out of this loop.

Her demeanor had been different ever since she got hit saving the 'Wise'. The man still fascinated her, he even came to visit her in the medbay when Tygan gave him break from the research. Tygan had been working non-stop himself ever since his latest argument with Lily. Lily still was suspicious of the man's motives, and had again inquired on the sudden change of heart. After Tygan's oh-so-manyeth explanation on the subject, she simply responded by saying the man had his work cut out for him.

She decided to take the long way to the bar, via the bridge. Bradford looked up with a raised eyebrow when she entered, but asked nothing and got back to work. The commander was looking over his shoulder, probably something of significance, and if her guess was right, something no doubt to do with the aliens. Before she walked on, she saw the commander once again rubbing the back of his head. He seemed to do that a lot lately, as if someone or something left something in his mind and he was trying to figure out what. Not her business, she reminded herself, and she walked on.

* * *

><p>A small part of him noticed her, but he had to keep his focus on the matter at hand. According to the resistance, the aliens had constructed a facility connected to the Avatar project. He rubbed the back of his head. Every time he thought of something remotely connected to the Elders, he felt a strange presence in the back of his head. Nothing too significant, it was just... there. With ADVENT deploying new types of soldiers against them every day it seemed, that presence was the least of his concerns. He had authorized the footage taken with the armor camera from Vroge to be shown if anyone wanted to see it. After he had made sure that it was not demoralising though, with Tracer already being in a bit of a downer mood, and not just her. But he was getting off track, he had to focus on the task at hand.<p>

* * *

><p>Jean was sitting on the same barstool Wong used to sit at, which is where Tracer found him, looking to the screens. Lion served himself, and he wasn't going easy.<p>

"Sup Lion, how are ya doing?"

Jean turned around, and smiled slightly when he saw her approach. He didn't mind the company, and they all could use some consoling from each other. He pointed to the seat next to him and made a grumbling sound with his drink still at his mouth. She smiled slightly at that. She sat down facing the wall though.

"Requiescat in pace..."

"Didn't know you spoke Latin, where'd you pick that up in the bush?"

"Deo Volente, I remembered, and otherwise I'd still be able to pick it up again pretty easy."

"You sure about that, hmm?" Tracer grinned while she said it, she wanted to see what the response would be.

"Agh, Marche a la lune." He said with a grin on his face, looking at Tracer's stunned face.

"Now what does that mean?"

"It means walk to the moon, which is the Dutch equivalent for the phrase Go to hell. It's quite funny to see people get confused over that one."

"Huh, is that so?"

Tracer turned to the bar again and poured a glass for herself. Just then Jean asked her a question.

"You want to see the footage we got from Vroge? Commander authorized it for viewing five minutes ago."

"Sure, why not..." She attempted to keep her voice joyful, but the recent loss, any loss still bore down upon her. Jean seemed to notice.

"Listen, if you don't really want to I understand but..." He got cut off by a look from Tracer.

"Just put it on, I need to know what we're up against too, and better sooner than later." He felt the effort in her voice, but he just nodded.

* * *

><p>The mission they watched through Vorge's perspective was a supply raid on an ADVENT convoy. Jean kept his mouth shut, he had been on that mission himself. The footage began a bit in to the mission itself already, and she could see a soldier, an officer and a lancer, as they had come to call the guys with the batons. The patrol moved erratically, and as a result the squad got caught out. The officer

went down before he could call any type of backup, but the soldier knocked Hellsing to the ground with projectiles from its rifle.<p>

Vroge moved up to shoot the weakened lancer, but it ducked under his salvo. This left him exposed to Hellsing who immediately moved to finish him off. Jean made quick work of the soldier with his shotgun.

The squad moved up slowly and managed to catch another patrol off guard, with a sniper shot severely injuring a lancer with a shotgun type weapon. Jean called it an assault.

But the two baton wielding ADVENT came running up, dodging the other shots. The regular one hit Vroge with his baton, while the assault missed in the frantic movements Jean was making due to the psionic energy pulsing in to him from the sectoid. Then came the moment Vroge gave it his all. Vroge pushed back the lancer and aimed at the head, but the lancer was quick too, and kicked the rifle of target. A stomp with Vroge's rifle was blocked by the lancer too, and Vroge immediately tried to shoot again as the ADVENT stumbled back a bit. This time the lancer grabbed his baton, and without turning it on slammed it against Vroge's rifle, against the cactus, kicking the man straight on against his shins, causing Vroge to fall over. The lancer dashed over his body, jumped on the truck and with a spin in the air landed facing him, rifle ready, and fired...

Vroge's recording stopped there, the last close up image the man had ever seen was a grin radiating pure hatred and aggression on a face not even human, half hidden beneath a helmet. An enemy as quick as a snake, and just as agile. Come to think of it, the grin didn't look particularly genuine, and somewhere in the gruesome image, the face seemed to show remorse... The skin slightly more scaly looking then you'd expect...

Tracer's mouth hung open with what she thought she just discovered. Jorge had been killed by most plausibly his own child... That meant the man had been telling the truth, no matter how unlikely. Not soon after she couldn't help but laugh out loud, not entirely happy but more a laugh people get when realizing something incredibly stupid actually existed, such as pet rocks when ADVENT hadn't taken over yet.

Jean looked at her puzzled. She had just seen a brother-in-arms die, sat there with a thoughtful face, then her eyes widened and she started laughing.

"Why in Christ's sake are you laughing?"

Tracer calmed down and pointed at the paused screen.

"The bastard told the truth. I couldn't believe it but it's true. How about that, it's just absurd!"

Jean frowned and looked at the screen, studying the lancer's face. And then he noticed the same details, and the story Jorge had told him when he joined XCOM.

"Well I'll be damned... I did not expect that..."

He heard a loud bang sound behind him, as Tracer slammed her glass on the counter to grab a shot glass. He saw the twinkle in her eyes.

"If things like that can exist, I sure as hell can get drunk over it." She said with a grin on her face.

"Amen to that." Jean grabbed himself a shot glass too and Tracer poured his full of whisky too.

"To the Snake Charmer, the strangest individual I met my whole life so far!" Tracer proclaimed as they clicked their glasses. She gulped hers down in one go just as Gagneux walked in.

"Join us, we just stumbled upon something crazy!"

They continued to spread the story all morning until Jean was dragged back to the AWC and Tracer passed out. the hangover would be well worth the hours of fun they got out of it.

End
file.